BRITANNIA ITERUM BEATA:

OR,

A Poem-Narrative

OF

Her Gracious

MAJESTIES

Departure from

LISBONE,

With Her Thrice-Welcome Arrival at

PORTSMOUTH.

BIBLIOTHECA BRITANNICA

By *W. W.*

Veni jam AUGUSTÆ Oceani VICTRIX.

Juvenal:

——Omen habes magni clarique triumphi,
Regem aliquem capies.——

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OR,

A Poem-Narrative

Of Her Gratious Majesties Departure from *Lisbone*, &c.

NO Victories o'er the Dutch, do I here sing,
Nor what new Treasures from the *Indies* bring
Our dancing Fleet; but from a Neighb'ring Myne,
What's greater far, the Treasure *KATHARINE.*
Till now I thought, the *Portuguez* in vain
So eagerly did Plow the Indian Main
In quest of Gold, when his own private Store
Could shew far richer then their Dirty Ore.
But see the Reason, sure, he did intend
To make our *Britain* Wealthy, and to lend
Us *Lisbon*'s All: Nay, and to send it home,
Suppose our *CHARLES* obliged would become.
He's bound; she comes: yet if that Nation knew
To falsifie their Word, it can't be true:

For ſure, me thinks, I ſee fair *Lisbon*'s Strand
Wall'd round with Thouſands, which though drooping ſtand,
Do living Bulwarks ſeem, to keep her there;
Yet do they fall, when ſhe doth once appear:
And thoſe that thought her Paſſage to deny,
Now walk a Breach, that ſhe might paſs thereby.
Fain would they have her ſtay, fain have her go;
At one time queſtion'd tongues ſpeak *I* and *No*.
Each bended have two Knees; the one to pray
The Gods for Wind, the other Her to ſtay.
Each pleaſant, yet ſad Face, a double Eye
Doth bear; the one doth weep, whilſt t' other's dry.
Great Contradictions ſure, doth reconcile
That Peace-make Cheek on which Tears meet a Smile.
'Tis ſtrange; and none but ſuch a Saint as ſhe
Of ſuch a Miracle could Actreſs be.
Hold! hold your Medley-Mourning; 'tis in vain:
See where ſhe comes, heading her Virgin-train.
The Crowd ſtraight make a circling Lane, that ſhe,
Though going from them, yet might with them be:
And like a Labyrinth, they run it round;
But the Way out to Her's not long unfound.
She ſaw their Drift; yet angry not, look'd down
With ſuch a Brow as never knew to frown,
Upon the kneeling Throng on either Hand,
Whoſe Knees were couchen'd by the yeilding Sand.
Here caſts an Eye, there Nods; here throws a Smile:
So parting Nurſes Children do beguile.
But ſee, ſhe now unto the Bank is come
Which parts great *Neptunes* Kingdom from her Home;

Where

Where ſhe ſurvey'd, as proudly there did ſtand
A floating City under the Command
Of *Neptunes* eldeſt Son, which that did bring
A Preſent to Her from the Oceans King.
She kindly doth accept it; but what's more,
Reſolves to thank Him on the Britiſh Shore.
Then Smiles a Farewel, looking round about;
And thus ſhe puts the People out of doubt:
Steps on the Boat; where whilſt this Foot did ſtand,
The other is kept Priſoner by the Land:
But ſure it was not long; for ſmiling, She
Again looks back, and ſtraight it was ſet free.
No ſooner entred, but the Saylors ſhout;
And cry, *They* Portugal *have in their Boat.*
And well as heavy lading might they fear,
VVhen *Lisbons* Hearts, and ſad ones, all were there.
Now ſcarce their Oars had ſtruck a treble Stroke,
But they, unto a greater Bulk of Oak
Reſigne their pretious Fraight; where Sayls they hoiſe,
And ſleeping Anchors, with a hideous Voice,
They call from the Deep: ſo doth *Charon* roar,
VVhen tugging he, *Styx* Waves do bend his Oar.
The rais'd-now Canvas ſwells, 'cauſe proud to know
Their *CHARLES* his *KATHARINE* doth ſtand below:
And ſtraight into a Canopie they ſpread,
Although unfit for their great Miſtreſs Head:
VVho checks their promptneſs, bids the Veſſel ſtay;
Which they ſtraight hear, and crouching do obey:
The Reaſon ſhe, almoſt forgot a Thing,
Deſign'd a Preſent for great *Britains* King:
A pretious Thing indeed; it was her Heart,
Which would take leave before it did depart.

The

The Britiſh Sea-men cry, Their Wind doth fail,
When ſtraight the Peoples Sighs do ſwell their Sail.
Which plainly doth their Mountain-Grief expreſs
To let her go, and yet their willingneſs.
But what far ſtranger is, I'll tell you, they
Could water lend, if ſhallow were their Bay:
For now ſad *Lisbons* Pavements do drink more
Then ever did her large and ſpungie Shore.
But wind nor water wanting, doth ſhe go,
Gliding from what her Eyes direct her to:
Till crawling diſtance at the length had made
Of *Lisbons* Towers and Bulk, an Azure ſhade.
Then do her ſad and gloomed Eyes ſurvey
The lofty Banks of the wide-gaping Bay:
Whoſe diſtance ſeem'd willing to let her out,
Till their ſharp Nooks advancing, put this Doubt,
Whether they did not all intend to meet,
And ſo to hinder the glad-paſſing Fleet:
Who void of Fear, with a Majeſtick Pride,
Doth cut her Channel, and through it doth ride
Unto her Mother-Ocean; where fit Gales
Do gladly whiſtle in her willing ſails;
And puffs her on ſo faſt, that what a Land
Spacious once ſeem'd, ſeems now a heap of ſand.
And now the Queen her *Portugal* can't ſee,
Yet ſees her *Portugals* Epitomie.
But 'twas not long; for whilſt ſhe look'd about,
Her Eyes returning, finde the ſpot waſh'd out.
The Sun at length, though poſting he did ride,
Who was at Sea, had from his Wain now ſpy'd;
And therefore leaves the Spheres, cauſe he did know
The Sea had then Divinity below

In greater ſtore: here he dances, here he plays;
Here he falls, here he baths his cholerick Rays.
But when he found that he was look'd upon
With greater luſtre far, then was his own,
Bluſhing looks down; and then, for anger he
Will needs go drown himſelf there in the Sea.
The Night follows; veil'd with a Mourning-Cloud,
His Siſter-Moon doth bring his Milky-ſhrowd:
The Stars his Torches; all the Planets run
Now to the Burial of their Brother-Sun.
They all deſcended are now to the Deep,
And yet they do their Heavenly ſtation keep:
For when the Saylor doth his forehead rear
Unto the skie, they to him there appear:
Then looking down into the Oceans Brine,
He alſo doth obſerve them there to ſhine.
Why doth the fooliſh Sterns-man look ſo high,
When he may ſayl, now, by the Oceans skie?
By this time had ſad *Cynthia* almoſt gone,
In both her heavens, her proceſſion:
But bolder now, by grief, reſolves to ſee,
Before ſhe went away, that glittering ſhe
Sol fell by: through the chryſtal venters in,
Where ſlumbring lay the thoughtleſs Queen, within;
And boldly dar'd to reach her veiled eyes,
Which feel, unveil, then bid their Miſtreſs riſe;
Who angry rouz'd, doth with one ſingle breath
Two Miracles; both give, and take from death:
She life unto the buried Sun ſtraight gave,
And bids the Moon go take his watry grave.
No ſooner ſpoke, but Moon and Night are fled;
The thankful Sun, now peeping, rears his head:

E'er

E'er ſince, ſad Night attends the Moon; the Sun
Dances, glad of his Reſurrection:
They both, by turns, thrice ſeven times did ſhine
Upon the Poup, the Flanks, the lofty Pine,
Which from the ſpreading middle up doth ſprout,
Of her ſo mountanous, yet moving root;
Whilſt the poor *Brittons* longings, and their fears,
Do think it more then thrice three ſeven years.
But ſee now, how the Saylors thronging ſtand,
Who ſhall diſcover firſt, and ſhew the Land
Unto the ready Queen, whoſe wandring eyes
Do fetch long Journies in the ſeas and skies
In vain; when a too-forward ſea-man cries,
With chearful Voyce, *See where Great* Britain *lies!*
Then did directly point at that which he
Nor any of his Fellows, ſure, could ſee:
But for his credit, at length there appears
A Bank, which to the skies his ſharp Head rears.
He ſeen, ſees; and as the Queen drew nigher,
The Hill grows proud, and ſtill ſtrutteth higher.
And now, each gentle Gale affords their Eyes
More then thrice welcome freſh Diſcoveries.
The Britiſh ſhores are crowded all along
With a ſtill praying and expecting throng;
Who furniſh'd, ſince their own eyes could not do't,
Each with a glazen eye to play the ſcout;
Theſe wandring to and fro, at length did meet
A happy one with the advancing Fleet.
He joy'd, cries out, *See how they cut the Main!*
See how attended with a ſcaly train,
The wooden hills do roul! ſee how they ſhow,
With Sayls, like walking mountains topt with ſnow.

But

But 'twas not long, that onely this, and ſome
VVere happie; for now, all cry out, *They come!*
And whilſt they gazing ſtand, each private eye,
Without a help, each Pulley can diſcry.
Now Peaſants dancing, from aloft do give
A welcome to the Queen, with a *Long live!*
The courchying Shepherdeſſes too, ſtand by,
For joy, clad in the gay months Livery.
The Queen obſerves, and bids the Pilots ride
Neerer unto the high Cliffs craggie ſide;
Over whoſe top, the wealthy ſoil doth peep,
To ſee her new Queen, while ſhe's in the deep.
The panching Rocks fain would fall aſunder,
That they might welcome her with a thunder,
Such as they know will do the neighb'ring Forts,
VVith roaring Ecchoes of their Guns reports.
The trees all bow, and drooping ſeem to ſtand,
Becauſe their roots now tie them to the land:
But by their meſſenger, the VVinde, they ſtrow
Thoſe waves with leaves, o'er which the Queen doth go.
From whom, theſe ſoft amuſements ſtole the thought
Of landing, till ſhe to her Port was brought;
To whoſe bleſt ſhore, the Pilot with glad pride,
His ſad and melancholy Bulks doth guide;
Grieving, ſince paſt all dangers of the ſea,
They in the Haven now ſhould ſhipwrack'd be:
And now, thus to receive their heavieſt doom,
As baniſh'd Traytors, when returned home:
They onely to their King their lives reſigne;
But theſe, their deareſt All, their *KATHARINE*.
The Sayls now flagging fall, the Streamer too,
Which us'd, with dancing courtſhip, ſo to woo

The wind into the ſayls, now hangs his head;
The fluttering Jack reſolves no more to ſpread.
But ſee! the flaming ſhore doth now expreſs
The better contrary, in its exceſs:
And whilſt her ſands, the Queens advancing feet
Do bleſs, a thouſand thouſand hearts them meet;
And thrice thrice-loyal ones are all thrown down,
To pave a Cauſey for them, to the town;
Whoſe gates ſhe with the like joy enters through,
As *Londons* did great *CHARLES*, not long ago.
The Peoples ſhouts now fill the ſmiling skies,
They Vows, with ſparkling Bonfires ſacrifice;
VVhere round them doth a buſie ſmall crowd ſtand;
Each hath a liberal, though little hand.
The Pavements all, do by their luſtre ſhine,
VVhilſt ſome allay their heat with luſtie wine.
The Chanel drunk, yet gulping, doth he go,
And whiſtles joy, as he reels to and fro:
And whilſt ſome, ſweating, do the Bells employ,
The Steeples know the cauſe, and dance for joy.
The lofty Towers, which o'er the reſt do clime,
Do, with their ſinging Cannons too, keep time.
In fine, nought elſe but general Joy is ſeen;
Each action eccho'd with *Long live the Queen.*
The tongue-ty'd Babe, which can nor ſpeak nor go,
Doth, with his ſhrug and ſmile, expreſs it too:
His little gelly'd hands, joyn'd, ſeem to pray
Both for his Queen, and many ſuch a day.
Great *CHARLES*, ere this, had heard a freſh Expreſs
Speak *Portſmouths* joy, and *Britains* happineſs:
He ſtraight glad *London* leaves; the firſt time he
Did leave her, that, he gone, ſhe glad could be.

Her

Her ſtreets have fires too; but her hearts within
Have more, to ſacrifice them to their Queen;
To whom, ere this, he ſwell'd with joy doth bring
Great Britains All, wrapt up in her great King:
And now they interview; but what they ſay
Is for the gods to ſpeak, for us to pray.

May he now tie their hands, which ty'd their heart;
And may the world give end before they part.
May from them both, to future *England* ſpring
Such as himſelf, a good, a valiant King.
May alſo after-ages from them ſhine,
With ſuch as ſhe, a vertuous *KATHARINE.*

To this, let all but ſea-men cry *Amen:*
May our bleſt Queen ne'er go to Sea agen.

FINIS.